

The Long, Heavy Skirt Causes Trouble with Women's Wrists.

THERE is a new disease of women of fashion due to fashion alone. It is diagnosed, prescribed for and cured by physicians like any other disease. It is called the "silk petticoat wrist." Its symptoms are plainly apparent to nervous specialists and it is surprisingly common.

Does the burden of your silken skirts make your wrist ache and your fingers grow tired?

Are you conscious often of a dull, aching pain in your wrist and arms, like the toothache grown tired or rheumatism in one of its lesser moments?

Do you feel this most after a day of shopping, when you have held your skirts for half a day with the grim determination that no speck of dust shall mar their fair surface even if you feel faint from it?

If so you have the latest society disease, which is interesting to doctors—the silk petticoat wrist.

The dainty woman is sacrificing herself to her silk petticoats. She is as careful of them as of the scarcely less expensive outer dress skirt. So she gathers them all into a bunch six inches below her waist line and bears her burden patiently about with

CONGESTION, OR THE "PETTICOAT WRIST."

By DOCTOR GARLETON SIMON, Neurologist.

I HAVE heard many complaints about aching wrists from fashionable women. Upon examination I have found a hypertrophied condition shown by an undue enlargement of the wrist resulting from congestion. Overexercise of any portion of the body causes congestion. Holding the skirts tightly for hours, as fashionable women do to prevent their dragging in the dust of the streets and shops is overexercise and is certain to produce temporary congestion and in time permanent congestion or hypertrophy of the wrist. Aside from this hypertrophy, which incidentally causes a change in the handwriting, there is a serious result of the skirt-holding habit. The body instinctively seeks to establish a balance. When the skirts are lifted the right shoulder is raised. Nature in trying to restore the balance raises the left hip. Thus greater evils follow in the wake of the "silk petticoat" wrist.

her all day. The result is the latest disease of women. Hypertrophy of the wrist the doctors call it, which being interpreted popularly means the silk petticoat wrist.

Madam or Mademoiselle Fashion would not "rub out" her even dainty fingers or handkerchiefs on the plebeian washboard, nor would she scrub the kitchen or dining room floor or relieve the chambermaid of her all-over-the-house sweeping on Friday, and yet she makes her delicate wrist do harder work than this every time she goes shopping or calling or walking.

It is a delicate and beautiful wrist, but it is worked overtime, and is given as little consideration for its well-being as any bread winner who has to disregard all laws of health gives to hers.

Holding the hand in one rigid position is necessarily a strain upon it. Add to this the long time required for the proper care of the skirts on a shopping or calling expedition, and the weight of the skirts held thus, and the result is inevitable. The muscles of the wrist are enlarged and permanently congested. The ligaments and tendons are strained. The wrist becomes permanently enlarged. The wrist which might naturally be slender and tender becomes swollen and coarse. The tendons leading to the thumb and finger are also strained.

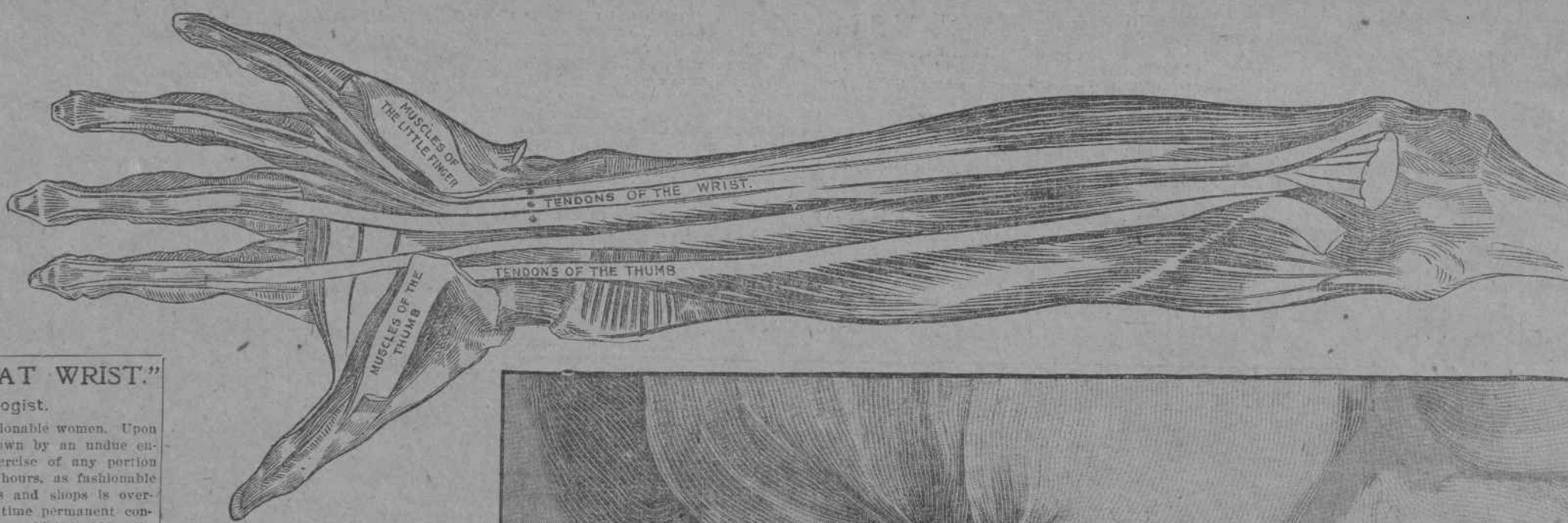
A prominent physician points out that the silk petticoat wrist produces a change in the style of handwriting. He says the penmanship of the woman who has the "silk petticoat wrist" grows larger and coarser and loses the delicate angularity in vogue, and which has cost herself and her teachers many hours of application and correction at school.

He points out a much greater evil—the warping into ugly crookedness of the female form divine. He points out that in the effort to keep the superabundance of skirts out of the dust women raise the right shoulder at least two inches. Nature in trying to adjust the body to this demand raises the left hip a distance of two inches and so restores the lost balance at the loss of grace and beauty.

A dozen fashionable New York physicians agree with Dr. Garleton Simon's estimate of the new disease. They advocate a radical cure. Remove the cause. Wear skirts of the former walking length, which just escaped the ground. Being mere men they do not know that this is—to coin a phrase—fashionably impossible.

Two New Diseases of Fashion

The Pompadour Hair Brings an Epidemic of Nervous Headache



possible.

A woman physician in a pretty office on Madison avenue suggestive of femininity everywhere offered a solution of the problem.

"Women won't stop wearing long skirts for all the doctors in the world," she said. "Short women think they make them look tall, and tall women think they make them look graceful. So the long skirt will not go—at least not for the doctors. That's settled."

"The only way out of it, obviously, is to find a substitute of some sort. Women won't wear skirt holders. A few years ago there was a little metal clasp attached to a silk cord worn around the waist that held the skirts securely and just as satisfactorily as the hand. Intrinsically it was a success, but women didn't like it. They said it was shoddy, and that settled it. The inventor died in bankruptcy instead of the society of multi-millionaires, as he had expected."

"But the substitute? Women can wear a light apparatus that has been invented for strengthening weak fingers and wrists. It was designed to relieve hands and wrists whose muscles had been overstrained. It does the work of the tired muscles of the wrist and fingers."

"The apparatus, made of strong, yet pliable material, reaches about two inches above the wrist and is arranged to face snugly to prevent displacement. Five India rubber cords, acting as artificial extensors, are distributed along the back of the fingers and thumb. The ends of these cords are provided with hooks which take hold of loops at the extremities of the fingers and thumb and of chains connected with straps at the wrist. These artificial muscles act independently one of the other, and their strength can be regulated by hooking them to the chains so as to make them more or less tense. They are passed through loops to prevent their slipping out of place. The apparatus is so light that it can be worn under a glove. It is a boon for tired or paralyzed muscles. It would have to be made to order, probably, at some instrument house, but it would not be expensive."

"But by the time this ingenious attempt at relief became operative, fashions would have changed again, and so trying is despairing."

"A woman will or she won't, depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; and there's an end on't."

The woman physician, being aesthetic and feminine, noted what the men physicians did not—that the method of holding the skirt was ungraceful and ugly, for two reasons. First, it required the pointing of the elbow like an acute sign post. Second, it formed an unsightly crease of flesh at the back of the wrist which would in time develop into an ugly wrinkle destructive of the remaining beauty of the "silk petticoat wrist."



HOLDING THE HAND IN THIS POSITION PERMANENTLY ENLARGES THE MUSCLES AND STRAINS THE TENDONS OF THE WRIST, AND THE WEIGHT OF THE DRESS BRINGS ON CONGESTION.

ONE REASON WHY SOCIETY WOMEN HAVE NERVOUS HEADACHES.

DOES the pompadour style of hair dressing cause nervous prostration?

New York physicians are asking themselves and each other the question, and they have not decided upon an answer.

They admit that any style of hair dressing that injures the roots of the hair irritates the nerves and that whatever irritates the nerves to just that extent excites nervous prostration.

"The doctors are asking each other the old question: 'Are our women patients frank with us?' All women patients mean to be frank with their physicians, but the trouble lies in the fact that they are not frank with themselves."

"Do you face?" asks the family physician.

"Oh, no, doctor," says the fair patient. "I can put my hand between my body and my corset." Of course, she can, if she holds her breath and strains like a hound at the leash. In this way she accomplishes the feat and deceives not only her physician but herself.

"Do you wear your shoes tight?" she is asked. "Oh, no," she replies, and heavily forgets the agonies of "breaking in" the shoes she is wearing.

And so, when physicians ask their patients whether they have it any discomfort from their pompadour, they are likely, unless memory or conscience gives them a twinge, to say "No."

As a matter of fact every woman who ever wore a stiff pompadour will remember that it "hurt," and that she had a headache for days until she became accustomed to it. She knows what relief it brings when now that she is forced to it to remove the "rat" and brush her hair softly back as nature had intended.

The pompadour, in various forms, has been in vogue for more than ten years. First, the hair was cut short, as for the old-fashioned "frizzes," and combed at right angles to the head, as erect as the quills of an angered porcupine. Every young woman who wore her hair thus exchanged confidences with her friends about how it "hurt." In time the pain disappeared as the pain of the Chinese child's tortured feet disappears.

Then came a new form of the pompadour, and with it the "rat." The pompadour, to be conventional and correct, must be drawn over a "rat," and it must be drawn tightly to properly outline the "rat," which is of stereotyped size and shape. The result, according to some of the physicians who are investigating the matter, is nervous prostration.

THE DANGER OF THE POMPADOUR.

Dr. Egbert Guernsey Tells How the Reflex Action on the Scalp Affects the Whole Nervous System.

THE tight pompadour, especially when worn over what I am told is called a "rat," is a menace to the nervous system. Drawn away from the face in a direction opposite from that which nature intended, it irritates the nerves of the scalp and by reflex action affects the entire nervous system. The woman whose hair is "naturally curly" has an advantage, for it can be combed so loosely as to form a natural pompadour and so strain the roots of the hair but little. If at all, I have heard that the almost shape of the eyes of Chinese women is due to their wearing their hair drawn tightly back from the sides of the head, and so straining the muscles of the eyes. In the same way, but in a different location, the fashion of wearing a tight pompadour strains the muscles and affects the nerves of the head, and indirectly the entire nervous system. The practice of wearing a "rat" is a bad one, for it heats the head and induces congestion.

A physician who is foremost in these investigations, and who is preparing a paper on the subject, to be presented at the Medical-Legal Society, says:

"The muscles at the top and front part of the head are most obstinate. Those at the back are much more pliable and lend themselves easily to manipulation. Indians are quick to discover this, and their squaws braid half the hair from the head and let it fall at the sides of the face. Our grandmothers modified the barbarian style and yet adapted themselves to the limits which nature has put upon the manipulation of the hair. They wore it in loose rolls at the side of the face and fastened the ends of this part of the hair in the coil at the back."

"The roots of the hair are not set vertically, as is generally supposed, but at a slight slant, in the head. The parts of the roots which reach the surface point slightly to either side, indicating that nature designed that the hair should be parted at the middle instead of brushed back from the forehead."

"There are small muscles controlling the action of the roots of the hair. They are known as the erector pili. It is these muscles which cause the hair to literally 'stand on end' in cases of fright or shock. When the stiff pompadour brings them into play, as it does perforce, the erector pili get very tired and rebel. This insurrection on the part of the tiny muscles is communicated to the other muscles and the nerves, and induces nervous prostration."

It is noteworthy that the great spread of nervous prostration among women has taken place in the past ten years, and so is contemporaneous with the rise and sway of the pompadour.

"Sixty per cent of our women are neurasthenics," said an American lecturer three years ago. Since that time, according to authorities, the number has increased to seventy-five per cent. En passant it may be noted that seventy-five per cent of the women of America have worn pompadours for a part, at least, of the past three years.

The physician who will present the paper on "The Pompadour Cause of Nervous Prostration," before the Medical-Legal Society, intends to make a plea for hair worn loosely, as not only the only hygienic, but the most becoming fashion.

"There should be few hairpins," he says. "They should be used sparingly, for they, too, irritate the sensitive nerves of the scalp. If there must be a pompadour, wear it loosely, and in the name of all that is hygienic discard the 'rat.'"



THE POMPADOUR ROLL AND HOW IT PULLS UNNATURALLY THE ROOTS OF THE HAIR BACKWARD.

DE WOLF HOPPER, merry "El Capitán," is about to be married for the fourth time. The bride will be Miss Nella Bergen, the stately prima donna of his company. The ceremony will take place in London soon after his company opens there on July 10. Those who were at the famous Gambo on Tuesday say that at the time of the last farewell, just as dawn was breaking, the jocular comedian announced these facts, and the Lambs, one and all, congratulated him. Some one toasted him as "The Man with a Hundred Wives." The allusion, though pointed, was forgiven, for "The Man with a Hundred Wives" was a comedy drama, in which De Wolf Hopper made his first appearance eighteen years ago.

Eighteen years separate Miss Ella Gardiner, his first bride, from Miss Nella Bergen, the bride of next week.

Miss Gardiner was a beautiful girl. She was the daughter of a professional minstrel, who was a relative of Mr. Hopper's through his mother's family, the De Wolfes. Miss Gardiner was Mr. Hopper's second cousin.

It was when De Wolf Hopper was with the McCall Opera Company that he met Miss Ida Mosher. Miss Mosher was a bright young woman from Boston. She was in the chorus. Mr. Hopper often tells the story of "How I fell in love with Ida Mosher."

Mr. McCall surveyed the chorus comely one day and said:

"Girls, what would you do if I raised your salaries?"

A trim, black-eyed girl at the end of the row answered:

"I'd like we'd all fall dead."

An opportunity to die did not come to her, but the opportunity to fall in love with the comedian, and he availed himself of it. Miss Hopper No. 1 used for

MR. HOPPER, THE GOOD-NATURED MODERN BLUEBEARD.



Ella Gardiner, the first.

Ida Mosher, the second.

Edna Wallace, the third.

Nella Bergen, the 4th-to-be.

divorce, and Miss Mosher's name came up in the suit. Soon after the decree was granted Mr. Hopper and Miss Mosher were married. That was thirteen years ago. Mrs. Hopper No. 1 has since died.

A bright, twelve-year-old boy named "Jack" is the son of Mrs. Hopper No. 2. Last month he won a prize for elocution at a private school in this city. Mr. Hopper's mother is as proud of her grandson as of her son.

"There is no doubt that he is as gifted as his father," she says. "In fact, I don't think De Wolf was quite as clever as Jack at his age."

There were seven years of apparent happiness in the De Wolf Hopper home. Then the divorce cloud lowered again. The proceedings were quiet. The public was never let into the secret of the charges and counter charges made. It does know, however, that a few weeks after the divorce was granted De Wolf Hopper became the husband of the pretty little Californienne, Edna Wallace, who was a member of his company.

Mrs. Hopper No. 2 has lived very quietly since her divorce. Her mother and son live with her in an apartment at No. 214 West Eighty-fifth street. She spends her summers in a suburb of her native city of Boston. Her sister, Dr. Mary Mosher, is practicing medicine in the Klondike.

Every one knows the Dresden china comedienne, Edna Wallace Hopper. Her dulcetness, her chic, her style made her a favorite with theatregoers. She married Mr. Hopper in 1933. Her husband said she was vain. She said her husband was conceited. The breach widened. It grew so wide that a divorce was granted last year, and for the third time De Wolf Hopper was unmarried.